

NEWMAN

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Fourth Annual
**HOLIDAY
MOVIE
GUIDE**

TOM ZIMROFF/SYGMA



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Ampersand

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OUR COVER

The elusive Paul Newman was snapped on the set of *The Verdict* by Tom Zimberoff/Sygma.



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| Publisher | DURAND W. ACHÉE |
| Editor-in-Chief | JUDITH SIMS |
| Music Editor | BYRON LAURSEN |
| Contributing Editors | JACOBA ATLAS, STEVEN X. REA, DAVIN SEAY, FRED SETTERBERG |
| Design Director | CATHERINE LAMPTON |
| Production Manager | CHIP JONES |
| Illustrator | DAN EICHOLTZ |
| Production | ART & DESIGN |
| Circulation Manager | ROXANNE PADILLA |
| Office Manager | BARBARA HARRIS |
| Staff | CATHY HALLEY LYNN BARSTOW |
| Typography | COMPOSITION TYPE, INC. |
| Advertising Offices | <i>East Coast</i> |
| National Director | LARRY SMUCKLER |
| Manager | JAMES SPANFELLER 134 Lexington Ave., Third Flr. NY 10016 (212) 696-0994 |
| Manager | <i>West Coast</i> JENNIFER OWENS 1680 North Vine, Ste. 900 Hollywood, CA 90028 (213) 462-7175 |
| Director | <i>Midwest</i> |
| Manager | RAY TOBIN MAUREEN RILEY 4753 N. Broadway, Chicago, IL 60640 (312) 561-9334 |
| Corporate Offices | <i>President</i> |
| | RICHARD J. KREUZ 1680 North Vine, Ste. 900 Hollywood, CA 90028 |

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IN ONE EAR & OUT THE OTHER

Your article spotlighting Eddie Murphy was very interesting and entertaining, but should your front cover attract "such racial overtones" as *Saturday Night Live's* Darkest Comedian Makes New Album and a Major Movie? Racial suggestions of this type should be avoided, or do you really mean to call Mr. Murphy a "darkie"? It is so easy to say Black, or leave it out completely.

Vandella Brown
Iowa City, Iowa

As a black student enrolled at the University of Calif. at Santa Barbara, I found your recent publication of *Ampersand* insulting. In the issue, Eddie Murphy is featured on the cover while the caption below states "Darkest Comedian Makes New Album and a Major Movie." Apparently for the *Ampersand* editors, it is Murphy's color rather than his comic prowess that is most interesting. Similar mockery is not new to Afro-Americans who have, in the past, been labeled as "coon," "blackie," "nigger" and other insulting terms. And now in your October issue of *Ampersand* we are being mocked "darkest." I doubt that an Anglo-Saxon comedian would be subjected to the same ridicule. If Steve Martin appeared on your cover would the caption read "Whitest Comedian"? I am proud of my heritage and of our cultural contributions to the American stage, screen and the arts, and I resent the implicit racism represented by the *Ampersand* caption. I hope in the future your "collegiate" publication will be more cognizant of how you portray Afro-Americans. It should not be too much to expect it to be in a sensitive, fair and reasonable manner.

Eustace Exum
UC Santa Barbara

It was simply a play on words, and we liked the double entendre — referring not only to Mr. Murphy (who is undeniably darker than the other pasty faces on Saturday Night Live), but also to black comedy, a kind of humor that is best described as "getting laughs from something that is not intrinsically funny." Black humor is a distinctly non-racial term, first applied to Lenny Bruce in the Fifties. Black humor is angry, bitter, sarcastic, modern — and funny. Much like Mr. Murphy.

We did not call him a "darkie." As a matter of historical fact, we did call actor Christopher Walken "The New Wasp Heartthrob" on our May 1979 cover, but Ms. Exum's suggested Steve Martin headline is far better than the one we used for his cover blurb.

Last, but certainly not least, we did choose Mr. Murphy for our cover. Were we really racist, we probably would have used someone of a more beige persuasion.

Regarding your article on Donny & Marie being dropped from Hawaiian Punch's ad-campaign because they're no longer "hot." Frankly this annoys me. Your column gave no factual reason for their termination but inferred

their lack of popularity was the reason, and that they weren't connected with "fun & sun." The reason this annoys me is because the Osmond family is a rarity in the entertainment business concerning their beliefs in family, in religion, and in avoidance of liquor & drugs. If kids today can't identify with good, clean, decent people as role models, without being laughed at, we're in trouble. That leaves the likes of Alice Cooper

to idolize P.S. the principal export of Utah is copper.

Jamie Rackley
UC Davis, CA

*Send us your comments, complaints, compliments (especially your compliments), your philosophy of life or even your SAT scores. We like to get mail — any mail. Send the goodies to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.*

BY STEVEN GINSBERG

Meet McCartney

PAUL McCARTNEY is in London starring in his first feature length solo film since the Beatles days. Called *Give My Regards to Broad Street*, it features McCartney's wife, Linda, Ringo Starr and guitarist Eric Stewart in a story that traces a fictionalized day in the life of McCartney. The former Beatle is also writing the screenplay and composing its theme and other songs. (There will also be other music from the Beatles and Wings.) The picture is being done through McCartney's own company, MPL Communications. Incidentally, Paul and Ringo did star in their own short film, *The Cooler*, which unspooled at the Cannes Film Festival earlier this year.

Ampersand Jokes

So many yucks! We could barely get any work done, what with all the guffawing, chortling, giggling and tittering. Finally, at gunpoint, the editors and the publisher forced themselves to choose. The winners below were picked on the basis of apparent originality and downright funniness. Just remember, one person's tee bee is another's yawn, so shut up if you don't like 'em.

However, if you're anxious to earn an easy \$20, as do these three happy contributors, send your jokes to Ampersand Jokes, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

1. What's black-and-white and red and can't turn around in a telephone booth?

A penguin with a javelin through its head.

David Nichols Montague, Jr.
Charlottesville, VA

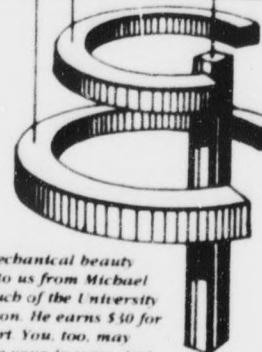
2. What is the difference between erotic and kinky?

Erotic is when you use one feather; kinky is when you use the whole chicken.

Rebecca A. Winfield
Normal, IL

3. Did you realize that San Francisco actually has gay schools now? They teach the kids about the birds and the birds.

Rob Gold
Sacramento, CA



This mechanical beauty comes to us from Michael Schabach of the University of Oregon. He earns \$30 for his effort. You, too, may enhance your income just submit your original Ampersand, rendered in black ink on white paper to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

BY STEVEN GINSBERG

Future Flicks

WARREN BEATTY, who is not exactly collecting unemployment, just signed a deal to star in *Mermaid*. His salary: \$5 million. The script (by C. J. Carruthers, to be rewritten by Robert Towne) is about this mermaid who is kissed by (and, as legend goes, subsequently falls in love with) a handsome young rake, but he betrays her and she ends up with the older brother. Maybe Robert Redford was originally set to star, but as one Hollywood wit observed, "I just couldn't see Bob getting in any tank with a girl in a mermaid skin."

Obviously, someone in charge should hire Bette Midler for the mermaid. She already has the costume.

THE STARS OF *Officer and a Gentleman* are busy — but separately (although there is talk of a sequel, since the aforementioned flick was the only one to give *ET* a run for its greenbacks). Ms. Winger will play Shirley MacLaine's daughter in *Terms of Endearment*, to be written and directed by Jim Brooks, who created *Taxi* and *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* (good) and the Burt Reynolds film *Starting Over* (bad). Mr. Gere is off in Mexico starring in *The Honorary Consul*, after the Graham Greene novel. It also stars Michael Caine and Britain's irresistible Bob Hoskins (*The Long Good Friday*).

GOOD NEWS FOR *Saturday Night Live* fans: Dan Aykroyd (you remember him from the old show) and Eddie Murphy (the new kid) will begin work on a new comedy film in December directed by John Landis (*Blues Brothers*). The only problem is the title: *Black and White*. The powers that be don't think it's exactly the right image for this particular project, so they're offering a cash reward to crew members to come up with something better. The rest of us are excluded from the competition, they say, because the picture's subject matter is very hush-hush. Big deal.

WE CHECKED THIS ONE twice. Yes, there will be yet a third in the hugely successful series of *Smokey and the Bandit* films. No, this one will not star Burt Reynolds or Sally Field. But it does once again feature Jackie Gleason as both the dumb hick sheriff, Smokey, and as the Bandit (Burt's role). Hence the title *Smokey Is the Bandit*. Argh.

(ter) and screenwriter Dennis Potter (*Pennies from Heaven*). William Hurt stars as Arkady.

PROLIFIC WRITER HARLAN ELLISON has signed to write the screenplay for *None of the Above*, based on a political novel titled *Bug Jack Barron*. Costa Gavras, who recently directed his first American movie, *Missing*, helms this one beginning in June.

Shake, Rattle and Roll with the Punches

VETERAN ROCKER JERRY LEE LEWIS, who was nearly scandalized into oblivion 25 years ago when he married his then 13-year-old cousin Myra Brown, may find his personal life the subject of a new movie. Polygram Pictures has optioned the film rights to Myra's tell-all book *Great Balls of Fire*.

Big News for Small Screens

WITH MORE THAN 50 features to his credit, famed Swedish filmmaker Ingmar Bergman says he is giving up the big screen and will instead work only on the stage or in television. The reason? A loss of energy. "But I love to have a camera and a small crew and to make things for television," he said in a recent *Variety* interview. "You can make it and then in one evening it is finished. Nobody thinks about it anymore." We try not to.

THE PAPER CHASE has been a movie, a canceled network television show and a regular rerun on PBS. What else is left? Well, cable biggie Showtime has just ordered seven new hour-long episodes of the program at a cost of \$500,000-\$600,000 each, making it the first pay service ever to have a regular dramatic series.

Kiss Off

BY PAUL ROSTA

If they spent this kind of money to promote an unknown band, groused one wishing-to-be-anonymous guest, "it would make their career."

Kiss is hardly an unknown band, but they have been rather ignored lately. To get the once-reigning bubblegum stompers back in the public eye, and to promote their 100-city tour for a new LP called *Creatures of the Night*, Casablanca Records threw a shindig like no one in the pinched record business had done for years. At a Zoetrope Studios sound stage in Hollywood the bar was open and so was bass player Gene Simmons' mouth. "We're the best show on Earth," he informed the assemblage.

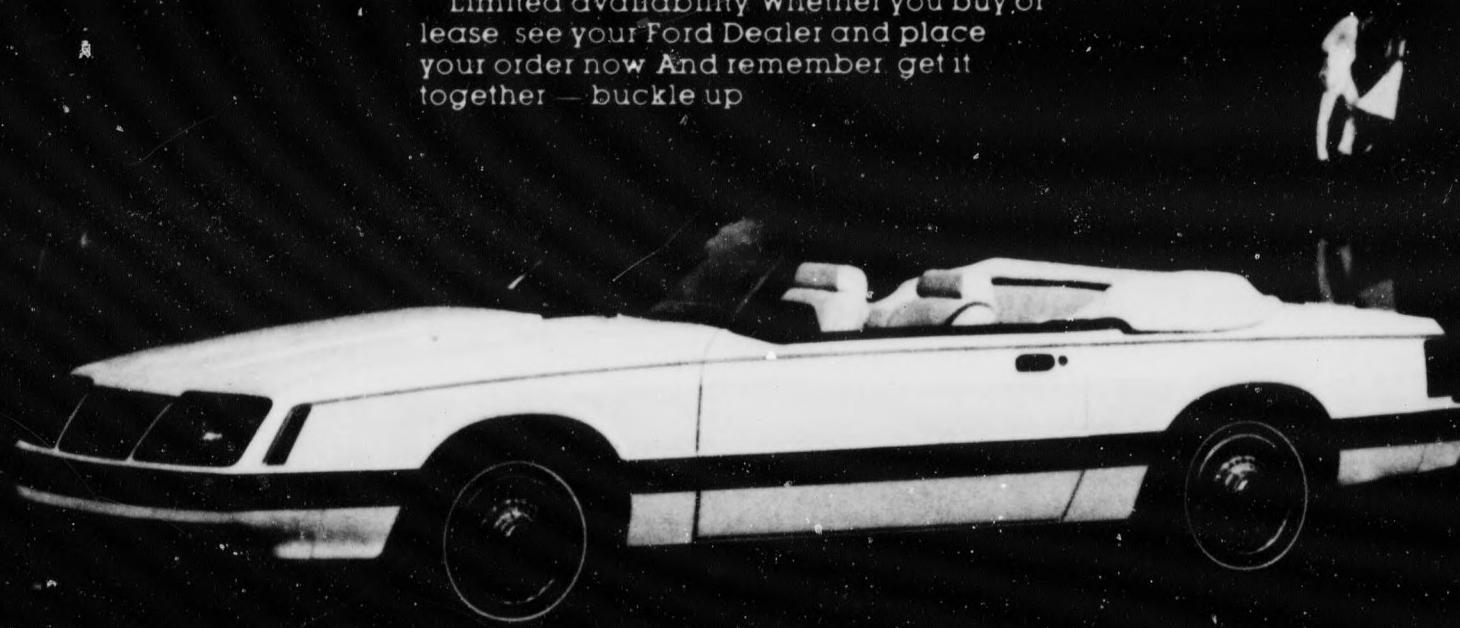
Before the buffet was cleared and the room forcibly emptied by means of playing the group's new single at top volume, over and over, someone asked Simmons if he didn't think the band's flamboyant garb was perhaps a wee bit out of style. "We're above style," Simmons shot back.

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FORD DIVISION

HOLIDAY MOVIE GUIDE

Photo by John Gutfreund
The Devil's Advocate

BY JUDITH SHAW

This is Hollywood's favorite time of year: happy people about town, presents, good will—and going to the movies. If you're looking for *Death Wish 3*, *The Hunt for Red October*, or *Witness*, you'll be disappointed. But there are some films that are sure to bring a smile to your face.

THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE (PG-13, 128 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Dean Koontz, and it's directed by Michael Tolokonnikov. The plot is simple: a man who has been accused of killing his wife is offered a deal by the Devil (Keanu Reeves) to get him off. The Devil is played by Al Pacino, who is excellent. The rest of the cast is good, but not outstanding.

FRANCES is the compelling, often gruesome story of Thirties actress Frances Farmer, who rebelled against conformity and ended up in a mental institution. Jessica Lange stars as acclaimed stage actress Kim Stanley, who portrays her dominating mother and playwright Sam Shepard as a mysterious detective who met Frances when she was 16 and loved her until her death in 1958.

THE MARK OF ZORRO is a live-action television film in which Antonio Banderas—only occasionally recognizable as the lead in *Die Hard With a Vengeance*—plays the title character. He's a bit stiff, but he's good. The rest of the cast is good, too, including Anne Heche and Dennis Hopper.

THE MIST (PG-13, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Stephen King, and it's directed by Ron Howard.

TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL (PG-13, 120 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by James Tiptree Jr., and it's directed by Alan Alda. The plot is simple: a woman who has been accused of killing her husband is offered a deal by the Devil (Keanu Reeves) to get him off. The Devil is played by Al Pacino, who is excellent. The rest of the cast is good, but not outstanding.

THAT CHAMPIONSHIP SEA-SIDE (R, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Jason Miller, who also directed this film version (as an actor, he starred in *The Bronx*, but nobody's perfect). The film version was 1957, when the team (out of stars) won the American Legion baseball championship. It's been getting lots of attention lately, but it's not as good as *Death Wish 3*. The cast is good, though, including Burt Reynolds, Goldie Hawn, and Lee Majors.

BEST FRIENDS (R, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Jason Miller, who also directed this film version (as an actor, he starred in *The Bronx*, but nobody's perfect).

THE GRAND CIO (PG-13, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by James Tiptree Jr., and it's directed by Alan Alda.

GOOD TO BE BAD (PG-13, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by James Tiptree Jr., and it's directed by Alan Alda. The plot is simple: a woman who has been accused of killing her husband is offered a deal by the Devil (Keanu Reeves) to get him off. The Devil is played by Al Pacino, who is excellent. The rest of the cast is good, but not outstanding.

DEAR FRIENDS (R, 100 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Jason Miller, who also directed this film version (as an actor, he starred in *The Bronx*, but nobody's perfect). The film version was 1957, when the team (out of stars) won the American Legion baseball championship. It's been getting lots of attention lately, but it's not as good as *Death Wish 3*. The cast is good, though, including Burt Reynolds, Goldie Hawn, and Lee Majors.

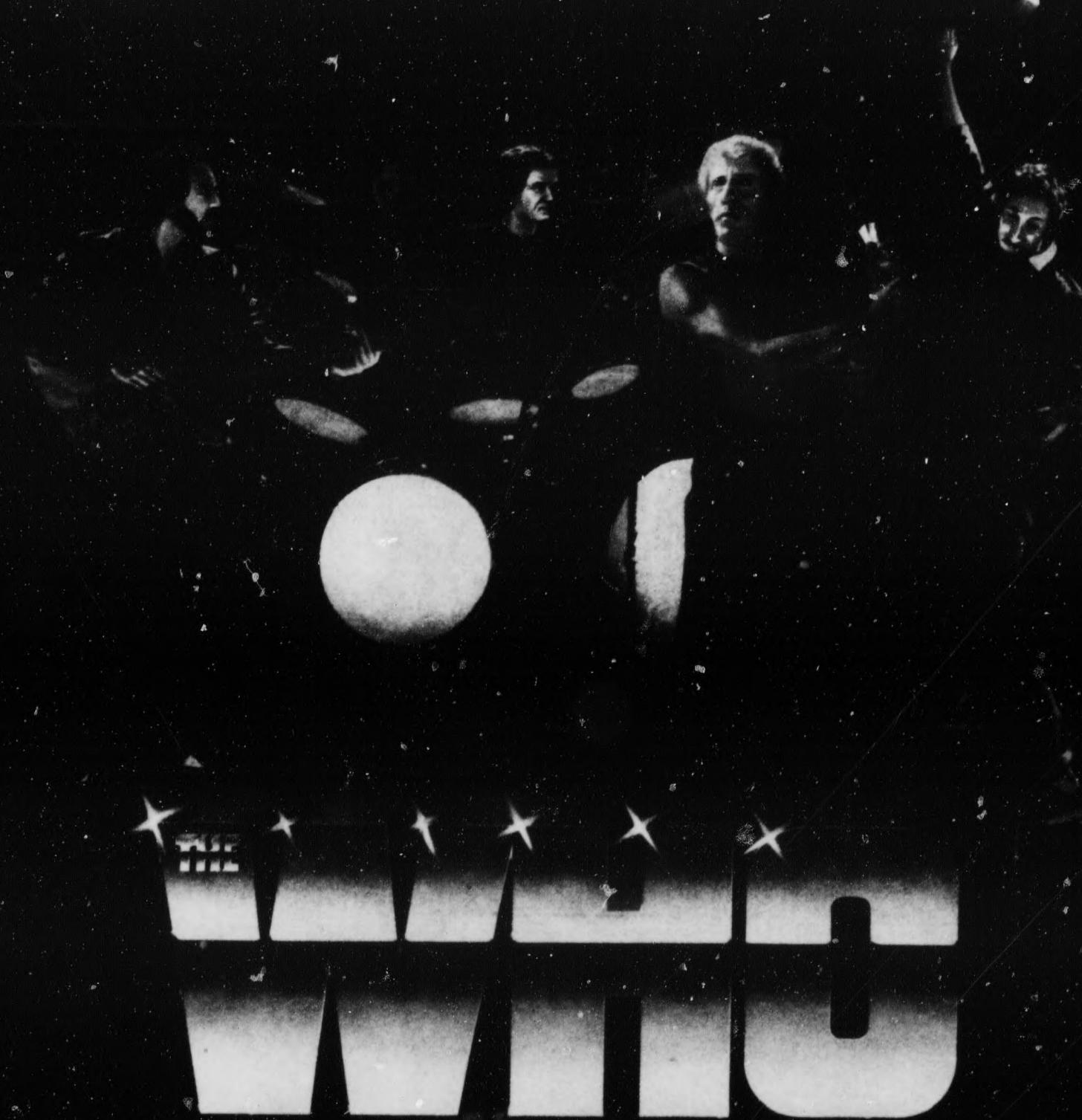


Photo by John Gutfreund
Death Wish 3: The Bronx

DEATH WISH 3 (R, 120 min., \$12.98). A good movie, but it's not the best. It's based on a book by Jason Miller, and it's directed by Alan Alda.



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Beer Is a Many-Splendored Thing

BY MORLEY JONES



You can talk about your Châteauneuf du Pape and you can talk about your Caymus Vineyards Napa Valley Oeil de Perdrix. You can talk about your Glendronach single malt Scotch whiskey and you can talk about your Amaretto di Saronio on the rocks with a splash of heavy cream. You can blabber on and on forever about your Tequila Sunrise and your elegantly perfect 22 to 1 martini, and you can prattle till you're blue in the face about your damned fancy schmancy European soda water at 79 cents a pint. But when all that vacketty-vak dies down and you discover that you're thirsty, *really* thirsty, brush fire-on-a-hot-day thirsty—chances are pretty good that you'll reach for a good old-fashioned beer.

The U.S. is the largest producer of beer and related beverages (like ale, stout, etc.—about which, more later) in the world, and one of the largest consumers of the stuff. Each and every one of us, statistically at least, drinks about 22 gallons of beer and such a year—and if you personally drink somewhat less than that, don't worry, because the guy next to you probably more than makes up your share. (By way of comparison, American per capita consumption of hard booze is only about two gallons a year, and wine consumption is slightly less than that—though it's increasingly rapidly.)

Beer has been around for a long time. Since before there was whiskey. Since before there was chocolate milk. Since before plain old water was even safe to drink. Beer was probably the first alcoholic beverage known to humankind. It was made as early as 5000 B.C., in Mesopotamia. You remember Mesopotamia—the Fertile Crescent, most productive agricultural land in the ancient world. Well, most of what they grew in Mesopotamia was grain, and almost *half* of all that grain was used for making beer. Sumerian workers were paid in beer. Hammurabi took it so seriously that he wrote special rules into his Code condemning people who sold watered-down brew.

The Egyptians liked the idea of beer, and passed it along eventually to the Greeks, who were nice enough to tell the Romans about it. The Romans introduced it to what are now Germany and Great Britain, and look what *they*'re done with it.

The light, medium-bitter style of beer that most of us are used to today was probably born 800 years ago or so in Czechoslovakia, at the Pilsner Urquell brewery in the town of Pilsen. (The firm is still in business today, and Pilsner Urquell is available in the U.S.)

What is beer, anyway? you might well ask—besides being just that frothy stuff that tastes so good? Well, beer is sort of like wine, except that it's made from grain instead of grapes. It starts out with a mixture of kinds of grain, usually heavy on the barley. The grain is allowed to "malt"—which means that the grain grows sprouts and the starches it contains become converted, through natural processes, to sugar (which is necessary for fermentation). The grain is then "cooked" with water, and the resulting liquid, called "wort," is drained off into a brewing vessel. Here, flavorings are added; the principle flavoring agent, the one that makes beer taste like beer, is hops, which are blossoms of a vine related to the mulberry bush. The flavored mixture is cooked a bit longer, then the flavoring substances are removed, the mixture is cooled, and brewer's yeast is added. Now fermentation begins. (To make beer, a yeast is used which sinks to the bottom of the fermenting vat and works from there; ale is made with a kind of yeast which floats on the top of the liquid. (And, as long as we're at it, it might as well be mentioned that stout is ale made with roasted malt, and porter is stout fermented to a higher degree of alcohol.) When the fermentation is finished, the beer is filtered, aged for a short time, and then bottled or canned or loaded into barrels—mostly aluminum these days.

This is where the controversy usually starts. Does beer taste better from a barrel than it does from a bottle or can? Do cans give beer a "tinny" taste? In answering these questions, it is good to remember, first of all, that beer didn't always come in cans and bottles. In fact, when the radical notion of bottling beer was first proposed earlier in this century, H.L. Mencken snorted something to the effect that putting beer in a bottle was like putting a kiss in the icebox. He was a curious man, Mencken.

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AMP 12/82

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Style

Beer doesn't show the vast range of varying characteristics that its cousin wine does — still there are great differences in color, body, and flavor from one beer to the next. These differences are due to the types and amounts of grain and flavorings used, to the quality and constituents of the water employed, and simply to brewing methods. Beer can be made into a very light, almost flavorless beverage (like many of the American "lite" beers), or it can be made into something dark and rich and extremely bitter (like Guinness Stout, for instance). There are even beers in Belgium — some of which are sealed with corks, like wine bottles — that are flavored with macerated bitter cherries!

What are the best beers in America today? That is, of course, a matter of personal opinion. I don't much like most of the regular mass-market American beers, simply because they don't have much of what I have come to think of as beer flavor. I do favor Anchor Steam Beer and Albion Ale, as well as the medium-dark Bohemia Ale from Mexico (which, since I live in Southern California, is virtually a regional beer for me). For the fun of it, I held a wine-tasting type judging of beers with some friends of mine not long ago, and Heineken's came out Number One almost unanimously, for its rich blend of flavors and its good, full body. Other beers we rated highly included Carlsberg (Denmark), Beck's and Würzburger (Germany), Harp Lager (Ireland), and Asahi (Japan). I also enjoy Kronenberg, a pleasant, medium body beer with a vaguely sweet aftertaste, from the Alsacian region of France.

The aforementioned H.L. Mencken, apparently a dedicated brew sampler, covered the field best when he noted, "There is no bad beer; some kinds are better than others."

Popcorn: The Most Popular Munchie

BY JOHN KROUT

Everyone goes for popcorn. It's the most economical of people-pleasers. But it has to be made right. None of that ancient, soggy, chewy, lumpy, starchy junk that's sold in most movie theaters. No, no; popcorn must be hot, crunchy and unburnt ... and that isn't as easy as most people think.

The kernels must heat evenly on all sides, so choose a pot or skillet with a thick bottom that spreads heat uniformly. A thin bottom will inevitably develop hot spots where kernels char, and black popcorn carbon is a miserable cleanup headache as well as a waste of good kernels.

Cooking oil should surround each kernel and provide even heat. Too little oil promotes burnt corn; too

much produces a soggy mess. One major popcorn marketer says that a volume ration of 3 parts oil to 1 part popcorn is perfect for his product; your mileage will probably be lower, depending on the brand of corn. A good test: drop one or two kernels in the bottom and add a layer of oil just deep enough to cover them, and no more.

Those first two kernels can save some effort. Turn on the heat before adding the full load. When they pop, the oil is hot enough for the main event. Any burner setting from medium to high should work; if cooking with gas, the flame should definitely touch the pot.

Pour in the corn and slap on the lid. A lid with a steam hole helps the popcorn stay crisp, because the steam of several hundred popped kernels is substantial, and most of the cooking oil is vaporized too.

Naturally, when the popcorn starts flying, some unpopped kernels lift off as well. Sooner or later a layer of popped material prevents the unpopped from falling back for another hot oil bath, so the pot needs to be shaken to help the unpopped make it back to the bottom. A good rattle or two every thirty seconds will do, though some fanatics insist on constant agitation.

When the sound has slowed down to about one pop per second, shut off the heat and get the pot off the burner. Expect the last few kernels to pop as the pot cools.

Pour the finished product out for the grateful masses and start the next batch immediately — if the first bowlful is a hit, a popcorn frenzy will probably strike.

"Some Call It Preppy"

BY BYRON LAURSEN



We asked everybody. Several people, anyway. From Harvard Squares to Rambling Wrecks (from Georgia Tech). We even gave the Beavers (of Oregon State) a shot. Menfolk. Womenfolk. Sophomores, Texans and normal people, too. *Ampersand's* Very First Annual Survey of Campus Style covered ten diverse campuses all across the country, water-watching for signs of trends to come, probing for the favorites of the day, divining the Great American Collegiate Closet. And what'd we get? Too many alligators, that's what! We couldn't see the trends for all the pesky Izod Lacoste alligators crawling over the questionnaire forms like cockroaches on a BLT abandoned yesterday in a New York apartment. Some of you loved 'em! (The alligators, we mean, not the cockroaches.) Some of you couldn't stand the sight of 'em. It confused us horribly. One editor began to make deplorable noises into his Selectric, then left to enroll in a truck driving correspondence school.

But the more thoughtful of us began to notice things: like, perhaps the preppy/classic/all-must-look-same movement reflects a tough

economy.

Money for clothes has to be aimed at sure bets these Reaganistic days. Furthermore, even if sameness reigns, the focus on fashion is strong. Fashion, as much for collegians as anyone else, remains a primary way of telling the world what you want it to think about you. In the eloquent words of a male Purdue sophomore, People seem to be more aware of

the physical appearance, then handle the mental aspects later.

Almost anything goes these days, says another Purduian man. I hear the mini skirt is back! Where is it?

It is not on the hips of the 21-year-old Purdue woman who listed the resurgent mini under Things I would never wear. Other a thousand times no items included sparkles or beaded looks

(says an Oregon State senior woman); hot pants and/or frumpy clothes (women from Tulane); and plaid pants, velour shirts, tank tops or fat ties for a 20-year-old Georgia Tech man in his junior season.

"Prep stuff" and "ALLIGATORS" made the never-wear lists, too. But more frequently they were on

lists of choice for date wear, party clothes and going-to-class frogs. The Izodian reptiles also appeared often in the "Going Out of Style" questionnaire slot. So go figure. Likewise, miniskirts were perceived both as coming into and going out of favor. So were designer jeans.

Lucky since lasting fashion value turned up as a major concern, we asked what each respondent thought had stayed in style over the last three years. Here are some of the more interesting answers:

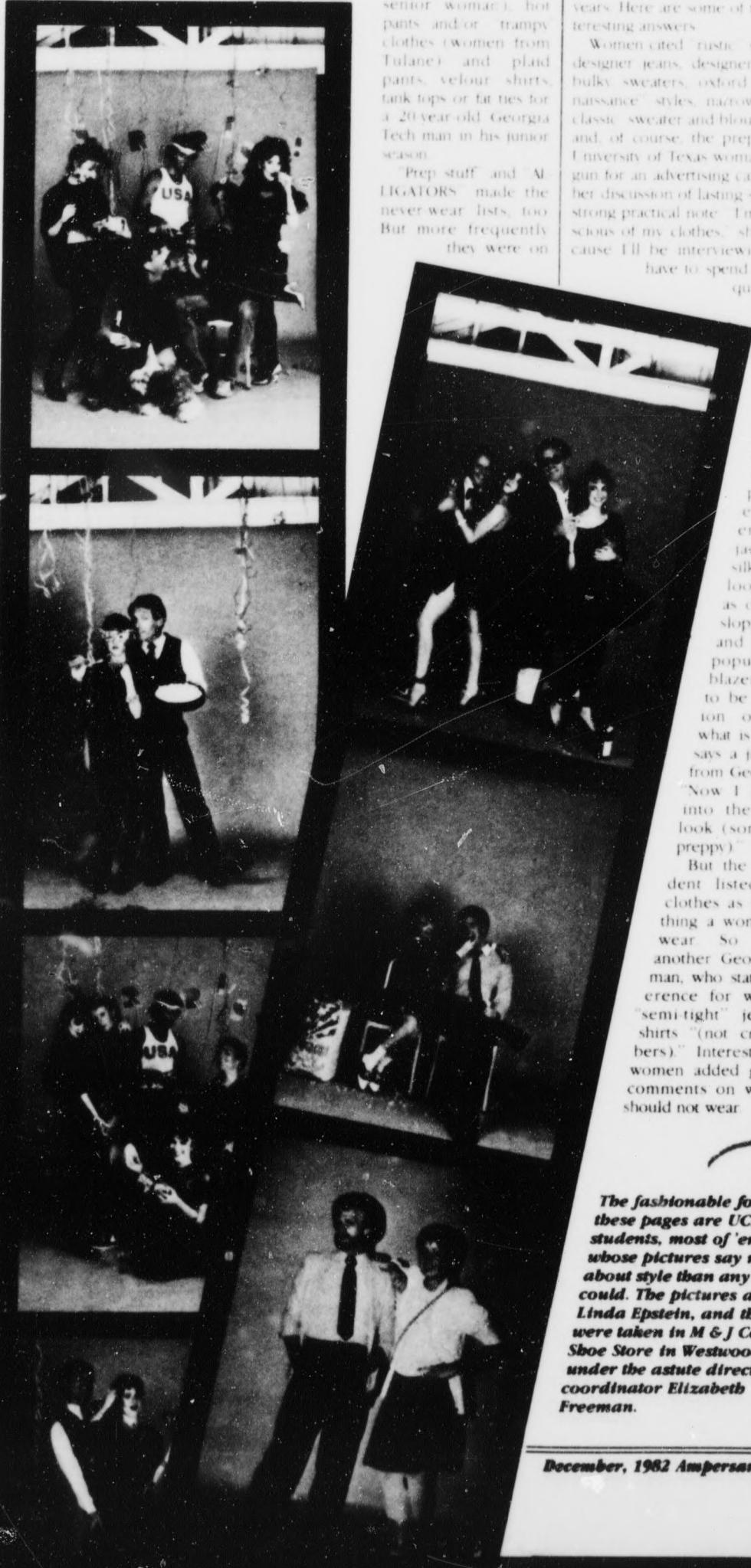
Women cited rustic styles, Levi's designer jeans, designer anything, bulky sweaters, oxford shirts, renaissance styles, narrow leg pants, classic sweater and blouse combos and, of course, the preppy look. A University of Texas woman, about to gun for an advertising career, ended her discussion of lasting styles with a strong practical note: I'm more conscious of my clothes, she said, because I'll be interviewing soon. I have to spend more \$ on quality items."

Men listed tweeds as perpetually stylish, along with button-downs, corduroys, penny loafers, topsiders, wool jackets, thin silk ties, neat looking stuff as opposed to sloppy jeans, and the ever-popular navy blazer. I used to be very fashion-oriented — what is in today," says a junior man from Georgia Tech. "Now I am more into the classical look (some call it preppy)."

But the same student listed preppy clothes as the worst thing a woman could wear. So did yet another Georgia Tech man, who stated a preference for women in "semi-tight" jeans and shirts ("not crotch-grabbers"). Interestingly, no women added gratuitous comments on what men should not wear.



The fashionable folks on these pages are UCLA students, most of 'em, whose pictures say more about style than any words could. The pictures are by Linda Epstein, and they were taken in M & J Country Shoe Store in Westwood, CA, under the astute direction of coordinator Elizabeth Freeman.



Style

Stylish cars included the predictable run of Mercedes-Benz, BMW, Mazda RX-7 and Datsun 280ZX, plus a DeLorean and a Porsche or two.

Finally, if a major dollop of refined sensibility was to be found anywhere on the fashion questionnaires, it was in the words of a University of Texas senior of the male persuasion who attends, says he, some 30 movies and 50 concerts in an average month. Austin should pass an ordinance, he states clearly, "banning 'cardboard salt-free' fashions."

Now who can argue with that?

The Rhythm Method (of Party Giving)



A party without music? C'mon! You'd do better without food, or drink, or even guests. Unless you care to play host for a rap session on Reaganomics, there's got to be a reliable juke box (o.k., stereo) and a stimulating selection of long players. Here's where we can help. Polling a few of *Ampersand's* musical contributors, we've compiled a helpful—but by no means all-inclusive—list of records that can give any party a lift. As the venerable Willie the Shake said, "If music be the food of love, play on..."

LIVE AT THE APOLLO VOL. II

James Brown (King)

The perfect party record. Over two hours of JB at his Mr. Dynamite peak, and believe me, we're talking dance attack. There's a 20-minute rendition of "There Was a Time" that won't quit and for the dreamy side another 20 minutes of "It's a Man's World." Too much.

Tom Vickers

25 THUMPING GREAT HITS

The Dave Clark Five

(Polydor)

Of course, the Dave Clark Five never had 25 hits. But they did have a solid beat. Also a joyously tacky organ and fatty saxophone. Stick with "Glad All Over" and the other bona fide hits.

Steven X. Rea

LET IT BLEED

The Rolling Stones (Atlantic)

Old but irresistible—especially loud over a good stereo. Nominated for rowdiness and rhythm.

Alison Wickwire

HISTORIC PERFORMANCES LIVE AT MONTEREY POP

Otis Redding & The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Reprise)

Two masters for the price of one, how can you go wrong? Big O absolutely torches the crowd with the help of the solid Stax band (Booker T. and the MGs plus the Memphis Horns). On the flip side Hendrix lays out the performance that caused his

career to "catch fire" in America.

Don Snowden

THE SUPER HITS VOL. I

Various Artists (Atlantic)

Sure to get everybody up and moving. A total shing-a-ling experience from the late Sixties, including "Hold On, I'm Coming," "Mustang Sally," "Respect," "In the Midnight Hour." This is the record that can teach you to do the Philly Dog.

Bob Merlis

JR. WALKER & THE ALL-STARS GREATEST HITS

Jr. Walker and the All-Stars (Motown)

Mr. Sax had a party going on in the studio when he put down these tracks. "Shotgun" and "I'm a Road runner" are guaranteed dance starters, and the human who can resist the sax hook to "What Does It Take" hasn't been born yet.

S.X.R.

SILK DEGREES

Boz Scaggs (Columbia)

A classic with no bad tracks. And, for some reason, it reeks of sex. What more can anyone ask of a party record?

A.W.

LIVE!

Bob Marley and the Wailers (Island)

One good thing about music/When

it hits you feel no pain." That's the first line Marley casts on this, the definitive reggae album to date. Bend your knees to the chopping rhythm guitar and the rest of your body will invent a new dance on the spot.

D.S.

GREATEST HITS

Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels (Virgo)

For true rock and roll party spirit there is no white singer/bandleader who has matched Mitch. Forget your punks, your Springsteen, even your Stones, this guy was the heaviest Little Latin Lupe Lu. "Devil with the Blue Dress," this LP kicks from start to finish.

T.V.

IN A SILENT WAY

Miles Davis (Columbia)

Threw you off a bit with this one, eh? But with its steady, understated pulse and the spare, atmospheric melodies, *Silent Way* is the perfect album for cruising down to the end of a long night of serious partying.

D.S.

Finally, here are some timely choices when the old Stones and Motown records don't quite get your mojo working.

If it's a birthday party: *The Birthday Party*; Grand Master Flash and the Furious Five 12 inch 45.

If you want the scene to be a skanking sensation: the first albums of either the Specials or Madness.

If it's a punky reggae party: *Sm-*

semilla by Black Thorn. Waiting Souls LPs on Studio One or Mango or Bob Marley and the Wailers *Punky Reggae Party* 12 inch 45.

If it's a crawl on your belly like a reptile boogie til ya puke affair: the first George Thorogood and the Destroyers record on Rounder (featuring "One Bourbon, One Scotch, and One Beer"), or, even better, *Be aware of the Dog* by Hound Dog Taylor and the Houserockers. Any J Geils Band record before *Monkey Island* might do just as well.

If it's a TV party and your guests have thrown the TV out of the window, along with most of the furniture: *Damaged* by Black Flag.

If your friends are chronic cough syrup drinkers, Detroit auto workers, or are similarly brain-damaged: *Rain Power* by Iggy and the Stooges.

If your friends are intellectual types who like to get down and boogie every once in a while: *Remain in Light* by Talking Heads.

If the party is being held in a garage: the first Sonics album or *Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White* by the Standells.

If the police pull up in the driveway and all the lawn chairs have gone into the pool: Brian Eno's *Music for Airports* at very low volume. (Useful dialogue: Honest, officer, we were just having a quiet evening at home with friends.)

If you want everybody to get the hell out: *Trout Mask Replica* by Captain Beefheart or *Ascension* by John Coltrane.

—Chris Morris

Produced by Kate Bush.

features: "Suspended in Gaffa", "There Goes A Tenner", "Sat In Your Lap"

KATE BUSH
described as "eclectic" and "unique,"
yet she is a multiplatinum seller
both in her native Great Britain and in the
international community.

THE DREAMING EMI



FREEZES OVER

Presenting High Bias II and
the Ultimate Tape Guarantee.

Memorex presents High Bias II, a tape so extraordinary, we're going to guarantee it forever.
We'll guarantee life-like sound.
Extraordinarily flat frequency response at zero dB recording levels, combined with remarkably low noise levels, means music is captured live. Then Permapass™, our unique oxide-bonding process, locks each oxide particle—each musical detail—onto the tape. So music stays live. Not just the 1st play. Or the 1000th. But forever.

We'll guarantee the cassette.

We've engineered every facet of our transport mechanism to protect the tape. Our waved-wafer improves tape-wind. Silicone-treated rollers insure precise alignment and smooth safe tape movement. To protect the tape and mechanism, we've surrounded them with a remarkable cassette housing made rigid and strong by a mold design unique to Memorex.

We'll guarantee them forever.

If you ever become dissatisfied with Memorex High Bias II, for any reason, simply mail the tape back and we'll replace it free.

YOU'LL FOREVER WONDER,

**IS IT LIVE,
OR IS IT
MEMOREX**



LEVI'S® 501® JEANS SUCCESSFULLY UNIMPROVED FOR OVER 125 YEARS.



One day a man named Levi Strauss created the world's first blue denim jeans.

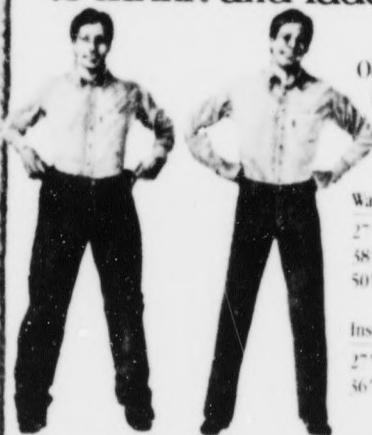
Then something *really* remarkable happened:

For over 125 years, we didn't improve them.

The authentic, original Levi's 501® jeans you buy today are virtually identical to that very first pair.

Which means they're still rugged, comfortable, classic... and a bit odd.

**Still guaranteed
to shrink and fade.**



Odd and Unusual
Fitting Guide:

| Waist | Add |
|---------|-----|
| 27"-36" | 1" |
| 38"-48" | 2" |
| 50"-1 p | 3" |

| Inseam | Add |
|---------|-----|
| 27"-34" | 3" |
| 36"-1 p | 4" |

1. Before 2. After

Just pick out a pair that's 1 to 3 inches too big in the waist. (Trust us on this.) And 3 or 4 inches too long in the legs.

After 3 washings, our exclusive 'XX' all-cotton denim will "Shrink-To-Fit™."

A few more washings, and the fabric "breaks in" to become softer, lighter in color and even more comfortable.

They fit like no other jeans you'll ever own.

With continued wearings, 501's™ actually adapt to your body proportions, forming a uniquely personal relationship between man and jeans.

Yet overall, 501's™ remain as tough as nails. Which is why an old pair is more valuable to its owner than a new pair.

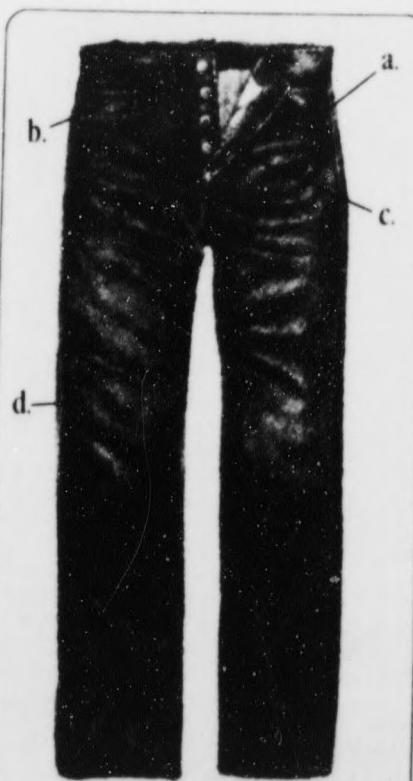
What's more:

- a) Our front pockets are still riveted at the corners.
- b) We still give you a real watch pocket, whether you need one or not. You never know.
- c) You get a 5-button fly. No need to go switching to something that might just be a temporary fad, like zippers.
- d) We still use only heavyweight 14-ounce denim that's so strong two horses couldn't tear it apart. Hence, the Levi's two-horse patch on every pair.

**Classic style
never goes out of style.**

And the result of all this?

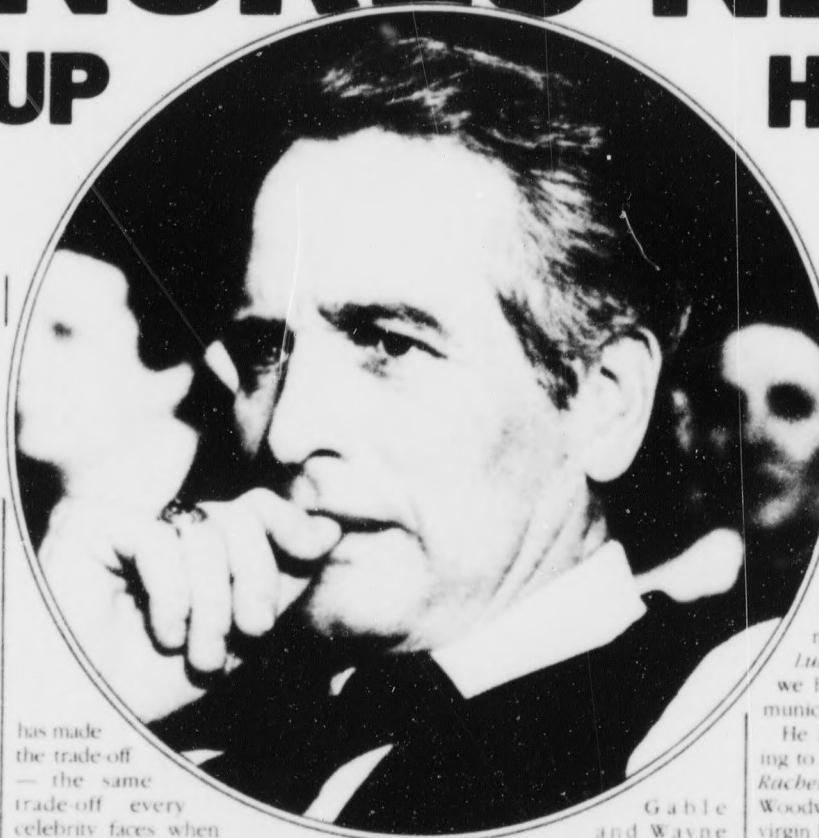
Levi's 501's™ are probably the only



501
LEVI'S
JEANSWEAR

QUALITY NEVER GOES OUT OF STYLE™

NO-NUKES NEWMAN PUTS UP HIS DUKES



"It's me," says Paul Newman, flashing a sardonic smirk as he strolls onto a soundstage at Universal Studios. "One of the duped and manipulated." Wearing a white tee-shirt emblazoned with "Team Newman," his newly formed racing team scheduled to debut at the 1983 Indy 500 race, Newman is here to tape a commercial for the Nuclear Freeze movement. These days only two subjects can compel Newman to meet the press — anti-nukes and his upcoming movie, *The Verdict*.

Universal Studios, a debt-free company rolling in money (much of it courtesy of *ET*), is an incongruous choice to tape an anti-nuke commercial. The studio is headed by Lew Wasserman, a powerful supporter of Reagan and the status quo. But the studio is also the home base of Embassy Pictures, headed by a somewhat less powerful but nevertheless formidable producer, Norman Lear, an avid supporter of liberal causes. It's Lear who has put together the talent for this commercial, and it's Lear who is calling the shots. Besides, as one executive put it, money's money; the studio will rent to anyone.

When Newman comes onto the soundstage, General William Fairborne, retired, is talking into a camera, telling us all that nuclear escalation is "madness." He's not an expert actor, and he's called upon to repeat his lines so many times the General finally jokes in embarrassment, "This is just like training recruits — Hey, you knucklehead!" He is referring to himself.

Newman confers briefly with Lear. He wants it made perfectly clear that General William Fairborne, retired, is a former military man.

For close to thirty years Paul Newman has proved himself to be not only an indispensable actor and bona fide movie star, but an outspoken and thoughtful supporter of causes — all liberal. Newman, who was born in Shaker Heights, Ohio, a one-time Quaker community, says he was raised to use his mind. (That training took him to Kenyon College in Ohio and to Yale University for his MA.)

Newman has followed his convictions away from Hollywood. Last year he served as a delegate to the United Nations Conference on Disarmament and this year he is devoting much of his free time to that same cause. He knows people listen to him because of his name, his movies. He knows that while he talks arms, treaties and alternatives, they're thinking about *Butch Cassidy* and *Hud*, or they're looking at his slightly thinning close-cropped gray hair and thinking how well he's held up, or they're trying not to stare into those famous blue eyes. He knows this and

has made the trade off — the same trade off every celebrity faces when deciding to go public on issues.

Newman is not a brilliant talker; he does not have the gift of gab to seduce the unwilling, and he's the first to admit it. Even those who think he's doing a pretty good job on the anti-nuke issue have been tripped up by his insistence that the United States and the Soviet Union are about equal in terms of treaty violations. The public reaction included charges that Newman was duped and manipulated.

"Civil defense in this country is an absurdity," he starts off, munching an apple, the only food he says he's eaten in almost eight hours. "I've been up since 6:30," he adds, digressing from the issue, "and I'm starved." His voice trails off as if he'd rather think about something other than what he's talking about. When he picks up the conversation again, he speaks slowly, deliberately, choosing his words with care. "For one thing, civil defense requires a very cooperative enemy. To evacuate a city takes at least seven days — is the enemy going to announce seven days in advance what they're going to do? Also," he adds, "let's say you start to evacuate a city and the bus drivers who get out with the first load of people refuse to go back for another, or the subway shuttle conductors take one run and then say 'Enough, I want to be safe.'"

Newman is not naive. Thirty years of political activism have taught him that nothing is final. "The freeze initiative," he says in response to a question about small steps and great issues, "is not the answer. But it is a beginning. *Salt II* took seven years. Do you know how many weapons both sides will build in another seven years? We have to create a climate where cooperation is possible."

Newman, who will be 58 in January, grew up in a time when movie heroes played by the rules. Tracy,

Gable and Wayne didn't cross Warner.

Mayer and Zanuck, not about politics and not about lifestyles. It took Newman's generation to change all that. A couple of his compatriots from the Actors Studio in New York made their marks before Newman did — Marlon Brando and James Dean. By the mid-Fifties they were well on their way to creating a screen image we now take for granted — the anti-hero with a heart.

Newman's distrust for Hollywood (encouraged by Brando and Dean) was not without justification. Jack Warner was not good to Newman.

The actor's first film was a laughable Biblical drama called *The Silver Chalice*. It sent Newman fleeing back to New York and live television.

Eventually he returned to Hollywood and the roles got better. He did a fine job as the original Rocky — Rocky Graziano in *Somebody Up There Likes Me* — and scored even more strongly in *The Long Hot Summer*, loosely based on short stories by William Faulkner. *Summer* earned Newman his first Oscar nomination and brought him recognition as a sex symbol. As Pauline Kael put it, Paul Newman did more for removing a shirt than any actor since Clark Gable (she would later point out that the same could not be said of Robert Redford).

Along the way, Newman became rich and famous. He divorced his first wife and mother of his three oldest children and married actress Joanne Woodward. Together they had three other children — all girls — and together they made some terrible movies, such as *Rally Round the Flag, Boys* and *A New Kind of Love* (in which Newman actually mistakes Woodward for a man). For an acclaimed movie star, Newman made a surprising number of clunkers.

But when Newman was good and the material fit him, he had no rival. He excelled at creating a certain type

of character — laconic, stoic, cynical. He played that role to perfection in *The Hustler*, a taut, crackling drama where he traded pool shots with Minnesota Fats (Jackie Gleason) and learned about guts from Piper Laurie and George C. Scott, in *Hud*, where his cynical, amoral cattleman who believed in nothing still stands as a landmark performance; and in *Cool Hand Luke*, which introduced "what we have here is a failure to communicate" to the American language.

He also took some chances, turning to directing with a movie called *Rachel, Rachel*, starring Joanne Woodward as a thirty-five-year-old virgin looking for love. That certainly wasn't the sort of subject matter anyone thought fitted Newman's on-screen personality.

He also made money with pictures like *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*, *The Sting* and *The Towering Inferno*. He spent a lot of time on the racing circuit and waited. By 1979, Newman was at that awkward age, no longer quite able to get away with playing the young hero, but still too juicy to play the voice of wisdom. He had gone beyond being Richard Gere but he wasn't yet ready to be Melvyn Douglas.

In the last three years he's made three controversial films that have made money and earned him personal honors. The first was *Fort Apache, the Bronx*, about cops in the South Bronx trying to do what's right in a very wrong place — a kind of big-screen *Hill Street Blues*. The film was uneven and damned by residents of the South Bronx as racist, but Newman emerged unscathed, creating a very sympathetic character, an over-the-hill cop still trying to do the right thing. Next came *Absence of Malice* in which Newman, the son of a Mafioso, was tarred by an overzealous reporter, Sally Field. The film was a slap in the face to journalists and women, but as critic Andrew Sarris pointed out, women accepted from Newman lines they'd never accept from, say, Clint Eastwood. Newman earned his fifth Oscar nomination for *Malice*.

Newman is almost certain to get another Oscar nomination for *The Verdict*. Directed by Sidney Lumet, who has made films such as *Dog Day Afternoon* and *Prince of the City*, *The Verdict* deals with issues and morality, right and wrong. It was originally developed for Robert Redford, but he pulled out of the project due to "creative differences." For a while, the role was actively sought by just about every actor between the ages of 30 and 50. The main charac-

ter is the sort actors dream of playing: showy, multi-dimensional and ultimately heroic.

In *The Verdict*, Newman is Frank Galvin, a washed-up, alcoholic attorney who takes on a malpractice suit that pits him against the finest law firm in Boston, a reputable hospital run by the Catholic Church, public opinion, and even his own sense of himself.

"It's a story about the redemption of a human being," says Newman of *The Verdict*. "It's not an attack on the legal system or the Catholic Church or hospitals. Those institutions are springboards for the development of his character. They're metaphors for what seem to be insurmountable obstacles all around him."

The Verdict is a different sort of role for Newman. It's a very interesting character for me because he's not cool or collected. He's frightened. He's living on the edge and he's panicked. There are people who really do find their lives in a shambles, and they decide they don't like it. Some just continue to degenerate and some, like Galvin, can pick themselves up.

Every person is vulnerable in certain ways, at certain times in their lives.

There are many ways in which Newman is not now vulnerable. He is not vulnerable when it comes to his career or his financial security. In other areas his defense is shakier. Two years ago his only son, Scott, died from an overdose of drugs. Newman is still coming to terms with that tragedy. He was teaching an acting and directing seminar at Kenyon College when he got the news his son had died. He does not talk publicly about what happened, but he has poured money, time and influence into the Scott Newman Foundation, which funds projects directed at drug rehabilitation.

In the early Seventies Newman told a reporter, "Kids, it's a fantastic time to be young. In some ways they have less imposed upon them than my generation did — they're less acquisitive, property no longer has such importance and they're less inhibited."

"Yet they have other things imposed on them that are harsher than anything we had to face. Things are no longer clearly defined in black and white, good and bad. There's this acceleration of change, things are moving too fast, it's enough to drive them all crazy."

Madness of one sort or another seems to be a recurring Newman concern, one he shares with his public on political issues. Not personal ones.

BY JACOB ATLAS



Missing Persons (clockwise from top): Chuck Wild, Warren Cuccurullo, Terry Bozzio, Dale Bozzio.

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

AS THE CAR taking Dale and Terry Bozzio to their sound check passes through the cactus-sprinkled Phoenix, Arizona parking lot and rolls by the giant marquee, the driver slows down just enough to let them take it in. "You know," says Dale, the tiny blonde siren lead singer, to her husband, drummer Terry, "Missing Persons looks good in big letters."

The genuine awe registered in her voice is just one indication that the success the group is experiencing hasn't really had time to sink in. After all, their first album, on Capitol Records, *Spring Session M* (an anagram for Missing Persons) has only been out two weeks. But Missing Persons, a Los Angeles-based band that has managed to wrap a catchy hi-tech pop sound around non-threatening songs that deal with everyday prob-

lems and fears, has already enjoyed some modest triumphs.

A few of the group's early songs like "I Like Boys" and "Mental Hopscotch" have given them a strong following in their home town. And an EP they released earlier this year managed to get national airplay and produced a hit single, "Words," that broke into the top 40 last July. Now, with the album moving up the charts, along with their newest single, "Destination Unknown," Missing Persons hopes that this tour will make them known.

"We are trying to do songs that everyone can relate to," says the band's leader and driving force, Terry Bozzio, a veteran of three years service with Frank Zappa's band (which he left in 1978). Bozzio formed Missing Persons with other Zappa alumni, including his wife Dale, guitarist Warren Cuccurullo,

bassist Patrick O'Hearn and keyboardist Chuck Wild. "The music is modern. It's electronic. It's played by good musicians. And it breaks new ground because they're not your typical pop songs — it's very accessible. We don't want to alienate people. We want to make friends."

Central to the band's appeal is Dale Bozzio, a former *Playboy* bunny from Boston who has been a model, actress and artist; she provides the band with its visual fireworks and an engaging, distinctive singing style that is punctuated by occasional high-pitched yips. ("It really is an odd tone that is a natural thing that I do that seems right for certain words and certain songs and I've just tried to procure it as such and as to my own curiosity, it's been something that people have noted on as an odd thing that I do," she says in her own inimitable syntax.) A five-foot-one, 88-pound blonde with feathery red and green-streaked hair, Dale also designs her own clothes, sometimes on the spur of the moment. She has worn everything on stage from a skirt made of old 45s to a brassiere made of halved coconuts.

The story of the group forming starts in Boston in 1974 when Dale met Zappa after one of his shows. A few years later, after she had quit her job as a *Playboy* bunny, she left Boston and came west to Los Angeles. She stumbled onto a Zappa rehearsal session in 1976 and it was there that she met Terry.

"It was love at first sight, unfortunately," Dale says. "Unfortunately? Yes, because it gets so serious at times you wonder how you can put up with it all." Three years later they were married.

In the meantime, Terry, after playing with Zappa for about three years, recording eight albums and touring the world four times, started to get

itchy feet. He felt there was more he could do. "I really wanted to write my own music," he says, "and I got frustrated at not being able to do that. Finally in 1978, I wasn't showing the same enthusiasm I had shown earlier, and Zappa said, 'I think it's time for you to leave the band and pursue what it is you want to pursue.' So I left, on good terms, to try new things."

After a stint with a band called Group 87, where he played with Patrick, Terry was invited to join the British progressive rock group UK, where he stayed for about six months. In the meantime, an old acquaintance, Warren Cuccurullo, had joined Zappa's band as a guitarist. Dale, too, worked with the Zappa band. He had encouraged her to try singing and she does vocals on his *Joe's Garage* albums and the single "I Don't Wanna Get Drafted." A friendship with Warren blossomed, and the two started writing songs together while Terry was on tour.

"Together they wrote the beginnings of what was eventually to become 'I Like Boys' and they brought a tape of it to me while I was touring," says Terry. "When I heard it, I thought, this is incredible. I'm quitting this band and we are going to form our own."

Terry persuaded Patrick to play bass and eventually the four made a rough cassette that they took to veteran producer Ken Scott, a man who had produced such acts as David Bowie, Supertramp, George Harrison and Devo.

Scott liked what he heard and helped the band make a real demo tape that was shopped around to record companies. "We figured with all our past experience, we'd have a record deal in about two weeks," remembered Terry. "Little did we know... No one wanted us."

Undaunted by their lack of success

at getting a record deal, and confident the material they had was hit potential, the band decided to cut a seven-inch EP. They borrowed money, did their own art work, the promotion, the advertising, distribution and the actual selling. They took it to radio stations, seeking airplay. Amazingly enough, many deejays did play the record, but still, no label deal. That was our incubator period," says Dale.

With the added income from the EP, the group was able to hire keyboard player Chuck Wild. Dale was starting to come into her own as a performer, adding visual spice with her off-the-wall costumes that she created out of burlap, airline tubing, plant pots, leather or beads.

"All this stuff had a wonderful effect on people," says Terry. "They kept coming to see our shows to see what we would do next. We would change from show to show, the same way a big rock group would change from tour to tour." When the band, which was still unsigned, sold out the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, a 4,000-seat venue, record companies could no longer ignore them.

Capitol signed Missing Persons, put out a slightly different version of the EP on a 12-inch disc, and it ended up selling more than 220,000 copies, making it the largest selling debut EP in recording history (or so claims Terry). "And that," says Terry, "is the point of the whole story. Nothing on that tape was changed, production-wise. It was the same tape that all the record companies passed on. The same tape they said would never get airplay."

"I think the album is solid," Dale adds, "and we're the type of band that are really true to life, as well as the material being genuine, it delivers on stage as well. It suffices the means."

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